# A PANEGYRICK ON HIS Sacred Majesties Royal Person, *CHARLES* the II^d, By the Grace of God, KING OF *England, Scotland, France, & Ireland,* Defender of the Faith, &c. and Corronation.

*Aut* Cæsar, *aut nullus.*

By *Samuel Austin* Jun. B. A. *Com.* W. C. *Oxon.*

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# THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Reader,

*I Have nothing here of my own to preſent you with, that can in the leaſt merit an acceptance from you, but the Royall Subject of my Poem: A Subject no leſs then a King, and a King of that choice Eminence, and Virtue, that I feare (as the Painter being not able to quicken a Beam into its native livelineſſe, doth ſoyle the Sunne in the attempt of Drawing its reſemblance) leaſt I ſhould (not ſenſing this ſo great a Majeſty) decline from, or leſſen his glory. If ſo, in all ſubmiſſiveneſſe I crave our Gracious Soveraigns pardon (not yours,) who in this onely may be taxed as Criminall, that His overheight, and beaming luſtre hath occaſioned my default. 'Tis not for every one to lay a co-*

*lour on Majeſty, and Majeſty ſuch as his is; (graced with the confluence of all perfections, that humane nature can aſpire unto, or be capable of, is enough to impoveriſh Learning, and to reduce the very Eucraſie of mans wit unto a diſtreſſe in the deſcription thereof. And therefore none can juſtly blame me, if I am not exact therein.*

*Reader, I ſhall not flatter you into the Reading of my broken Numbers, only tell you, that the Subject deſerves your Worſhip, and choice reſpect, though I do not. And if there is any thing that may be accounted worthy of your Commendation, impute it to the ſence of ſo full a Majeſty, that hath overborn my Muſe, and raviſhed my ſpirit unto that daring height, that I feare the iſſue may prove dangerous. However: I'll adventure. Be Candid, Read it out, and ſo farewell.*

Samuel Auſtin *Jun. B. A.*
*Com. W. C.* Oxon.

*The*

*The Author according as these find acceptance, intends a larger Book of Poems: The Subjects of which are these following.*

KIng *Charles* the first his disguise.
King *Charles* the second his flight from *Worcester*.
Pair Royal of strength and beauty: The Duke of *York* and his Dutchesse.
An Elegy on the Duke of *Glocesters* Death.
Christs love to his Church, shadowed out in *Joseph* and *Potiphars* Daughter, in a familiar Dialogue betwixt them.
The Drones Indictment of the Bee.
The Mystery of God in the World.
The unusefulnesse of the five Sences.
The Common Fire.
Two Lovers in one Heart.
The sensual Lover, or an Old Man Courting a Young Woman, in a Dialogue.
The high-way to a Throne, and Establishment of Kingdoms.
Every Faction humour'd, or the Humourous Sectary.
The Authors descant thereon.
Mr *Clevelands Encomium*, by the Author styled, the Poet *Laureate*.
A Copy on Mr *Abraham Cowley*, and his excellent faculty in Poesy.
The young Mans speech to a silent Woman.

The Anſwer with the true Symptomes of Love.
Directions for a Maids Choice.
Upon the Oracle.
Upon Death procured by a ſent or ſmell.
The Authors Anſwer to Mr *Randolphs* Poem ſtyled, *Love fondly refuſed for Conſcience ſake* &c.
As alſo Letters in Proſe upon ſeveral occaſions compiled by the ſaid Author.
And the Authors Plea for old Philoſophical principles againſt thoſe that would obtrude Novelties, or new uncertainties upon us, under a kind of a humble affected Ignorance, *&c.*

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# A Panegyrick on his Sacred Majesties Royal Person, (*Charles* the II^d by the Grace of God, King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c.) and Corronation.

## *Pindarique Ode.*

### The Authors humble Addresse to his Majesty.

*GReat Sir! may you be free*
*To read your self by me.*
*The Sun is alwaies seen most trim and fit,*
*By Glasses, which are useless without it.*
*You find the King, and Saint,*
*I the Pencil, and Paint.*
*You make the Sunne, and light,*
*But I the sense, and sight.*
*I give virtue the face, or ey,*
*You its temper, and gravity:*

*I alone*

*I alone, the skin*
*You all within.*
*You Majesty include,*
*I its similitude.*
*You glory Antidate,*
*I only do it state.*
*Rise then my Muse made Royall, sing*
*Thy new Relation to a King:*
*A King to whom, thy all is due,*
*Who is both Great, and perfect too.*

THey that divinests objects would descry,
Must void their eye-sight, and through blindness (try;
He that most Sacred things would find,
Must study ignorance to be blind:
Thus of a King to have a sight
Requires the blotting out of light.
*Ælian* gain-said those Authors that allow'd
Their clearest exposition in a Cloud;
But I them like; that truth alone bears spice
That doth exact Interpretation twice.
Thick darkness there doth best expound,
Where the mystery is profound.
Had Scripture but one single glosse,
That might be questioned for drosse.
Was Truth at first clear to the eye,
All might suspect it for a lye.
They which will buy things of great price
Must offer moneys for them twice.
A King is deep, he that would sound
His Grace must more then once expound.
Truest Divinity runs high to mark
Its clearest revelation in the dark.

Faiths

Faiths problem ſtreams the ſoundeſt evidence,
And yet muſt not be cloy'd by humane ſenſe.
Divines Preach plaineſt Truths, whilſt he that hears
Is blind, and deaf, concealed eyes, and ears.
Of hallowed things they deem too light,
That place them in the vulgar ſight.
He that with reverence would mark
A King muſt fold him up ith' dark.
The Prophets, which things higheſt did diſpence
Firſt ſpake the words, and then contriv'd their ſence.
Thus muſt I do in Writing of my Theame,
Firſt ſpeak It out, then think what It doth mean.
Words utter'd without knowledge, date
Matters, that do hold moſt of ſtate:
But when chain'd up to one known ſence
They point out common excellence.
To Scan a King, that's perfect good
Is to ſpeak words not underſtood.
Kings walk like Saints ith' notion of ſence
As Angels skill the fineſt influence.
Mortals they are, congeal'd of ſpirit, and blood
But in the fleſh may not be underſtood.
A King beyond ſence ſafe doth ly:
The *Perſian* State holds Majeſty.
Spirits trade not with Bodies, Angels ſway
By inward thoughts, and never ſence their way.
Thus Scepters do Intelligences find,
Maſter the body, while they rule the mind.
Princes diſtill their Influences ſuch,
Which are not plain perceiv'd although they touch:
Their Power is hid by which they ſway,
And force their Subjects to obey.

Riſe

Riſe *Charles*! Your grace maintains that right
Of living far above our ſight,
Majeſti's by Your Scepter blown:
You have known all, and are not known.
A ſecret Virtue do you find,
To conquer both our heart and mind.
Your Scarlet was not dy'd at the firſt caſt,
But after many a colour laid in waſt,
The perfect ruling Dye ſprang up at laſt.
You did not haſtily Your Scepter catch,
But as thoſe Kings, whom none could match,
And had great matters to diſpatch.
By an *inter Regnum* did You come,
To be eſtabliſht in the Throne;
And what was that but a ſhadow ſpun,
Or a waſte night unto Your Sun?
Its Iſſues as void Colours ſpent,
To ſettle deep Your Government,
Thoſe things, whoſe Virtues are moſt ſeen,
Move by an intervall between
The two Poles croſſer active Powers,
Make various ſeaſon, time, and hours,
By whoſe Virtue about are whirl'd
The motions of the upper world;
Nought ever their Scepter withſtood,
Yet they maintain no Neighbourhood:
The vaſtneſſe of the ſpace betwixt
Heightens their Power, and ſtates it fixt.
The Sun It ſelf, whoſe flames are hurl'd
Int' ev'ry corner of the world.
Each dayes paſt Scepter of Light
Receives an interpoſe by night.

And

And if it ſhould all ſhadow ſhun,
'Twould be reputed common Sun.
The greateſt glories are not ſeen
Without the help of mask, or skreen.
But the leaſt ſhade doth blind the ſight,
From a clear view of leſſer Light.
Small Lamps are beſt beheld, when near
Packt up together in one Sphere;
While bigger Lights being throng'd too nigh
Do wrong themſelves, and eke the eye.

Diſtance preſerves the ſtate of Kings,
And proves them to be ſpecial things.
Partition of time and ſpace,
Doth only ſtate the Royal Race.
Your Royal Father at firſt ſpan'd
The peacefull Scepter in his hand;
Then did You ſtep upon the Throne,
And now rule by Your ſelf alone.
Your glories not together ſeen,
But by a little age between:
And this 'tis that doth fully try
The greatneſſe of Your Majeſty.
Ev'n as from *Archimedes* duſt
Demonſtrations came into Truſt;
And as from *Hyacinthus* Blood
Letters were made good.
Whoſe ſanguine ſhower
Produc't a flower,
And as the wounds did flow
A kind of Alphabet did blow,
And Letters diſtinct grow;

Which did record the fame
Of *Ajax*'s living name:
How his untamed Spirit, and Power
At length did ſink into a flower;
(Shrunk valour, if a flower muſt maintain
The credit of an *Ajax* ſlain)
Which ſav'd *Hyacinthus* dying breath,
With the ſighs made at his death.
Which in Characters fine, and trim
Shew'd that *Apollo* loved him.
Thus from Your Fathers Blood, and Duſt
Knowledge and Learning ſprang up firſt.
Inſtance the Book made at His death,
Compiled by His later breath.
Oh! may the Name, of ſuch a King as He,
With Great Ones 'mongſt the gods recorded be?
May *Apollo* be put in truſt,
To beautifie his duſt.
To make His blood
Immortal good.
To Write His Name not in a flower;
But in ſome Star, or higher Power:
For his pretious gore
Letters are multiply'd to more:
His very Death,
Hath giv'n to Learning birth and breath.
But you alone have perfect made,
And ranſom'd Letters from the ſhade.
By you they're fully ripe and good,
And may be underſtood.
You've given us ſence and ſight,
And unto Learning all its light.

The

The Heavens above not all or'e fair,
Dark in, and out as if there were
Betwixt each Star, both earth and air.
But all Your Graces are true light,
In them no likelyhood of night.
Your Virtues are both fresh and green,
No common Hearb or Weed between.
Damne Antichrist by virtues Kings are meant,
Dissolve the Pope, and You the Innocent,
Under whose Rule I may more truly say,
That Launce and Nayles do keep a Holiday,
Religion rose, and did by you revive,
Who only keep'st our Liberty alive.
Amphyction compleat;
But far more great.
The old Arithmetician Zealots mount
The common age of th' World on Faiths account. 5199
Their sence is seen: cause in it coucht doth ly,
The holy-Trin, in a safe Unity: 1236.
Make the World younger, give the Mystery light,
Take out those figures, so the Reckning's right. 3960
(That Sacred Number, a confused lye, (*vel* 63
Unless It be drawn up by Unity)
Kings make such Sums, he that would stake them big-
Than other men must multiply by figure, (ger;
And cast up mysteries above sense aloft:
He that counts Princes plain, accounts them nought.
Crowns cypher'd are by Arithmeticians trust,
Mystical Number, things in secret nurst.
Thus doth our Sacred Prince most piercing try
Age, Number, in divinest Mystery.

By

By His Return the Antient face of Time
Looks young again, and our World's at its prime;
He 'bandond falſhood, and hath Truth begot,
In faiths defence, preſerv'd the holy knot.
To ſpeak things ſeen, and known is for to miſſe
What the perfection of a True King is.
He only reacht my Theame, that did account
The holy Temple bigger then the Mount.
Thou doſt excell thy ſelf alone
And canſt ſurpaſſed be by none.
Thy Virtues in their perfect ſence
Can't dwell in that circumference.
More roome, more room, thy ſwelling grace
Exacts a larger breaſt and face:
I know it not, as ſoon I ſound
Good *Enochs* Prophecies near found.
And thus my own blindneſſe I ſee
Remain great to Thy ſelf, not me.
Gods to th' Enſtalment now come down
Ariſe then, and receive the Crown.
Heavens lend it Jewels, and beſet
It round with your ſtarry Coronet.
Let all the Elements conſpire,
Earth, Air, Water, and Fire,
As raviſht with a choice deſire
To make *Charles* his glory higher;
That he that would their pureneſſe find,
May know them to his Crown reſign'd,
And only there confin'd.

[1]

Earth, Earth, unbowel all thy ſtore,
Thy Silver and thy Golden ore,

Pearl

Pearle, Diamonds, and thy ſhining Clay,
To make him a new faſhion'd ray:
We all the bright require,
Keep Thou the duſt and mire.
Let both the Indies Mines appear,
And ſettle in his Spheat.

[2]

Air be thou quiet, temperate, ſerene:
May no moleſting breath once move between:
Forget all miſts, unveile thy clear,
May not one cobweb-cloud appear:
Turn, turn into thy antient mould,
Produce no over-heats or cold;
And with thy beſt Array,
Attend the Coronation Day.

[3]

Seas be ye ſmooth, let your diſturbed brow
Unwrinckle now.
Confeſſe his Scepter may your wat'ry plains
Acknowledg by their reſt, that our *Charles* Reigns.
Let the Inmates, that in you ſwim
Be ſubject unto Him.
Your *Neptune* is decay'd, and old,
Shrunk into another mould.
Behold his furrowed form,
Which hath buried many a ſtorm;
Where tempeſts, and winds do fix,
And with each other mix.
Ev'n as a man, who by the Seas
Hath viſited our Antipodes,
That returns from that nether world
With his forehead, trac't and curl'd.

As if the ſhipwrack had miſtook,
And ſunk into His look;
Leaving him all forlorn
With's countenance cleft and torn.
Let *Neptune* as a fiction dy
With *Æolus* his poſterity.
Holding no memory,
Amongſt the muſes Fry.
Seas and Winds be no more found
By ſuch old Liars to be bound;
Don't henceforth ſtand,
At their command.
Whoſe Godhead's only from the will,
And pleaſure of the Poets Quill.
Storms from *Charles* his forehead flee,
He ſhall your *Neptune* and your *Æolus* be.

[4]

Fire flame, and in bright ſtreams ariſe,
Preſerve your ſmokes for ſacrifice;
Lay them up 'till the Heav'ns them need,
And the reconciling victims bleed;
Till offrings for attonement burn,
While the earth for its ſins doth mourn;
Theſe may then ſerve the gods to pleaſe,
And their angry powers to appeaſe.
What will either choak, or blind
Leave quite behind;
Appear in all your Zeales, and Light
To make *Charles* glorious in our ſight:
That when the Work is done
He may turn Rival to the Sun.

Neither

Neither ſhall we neglect to do,
And contribute our ſmall mite too.
Our duty and Allegiance due
(Great Sir I) to You.
By Your return Heav'ns meant,
The healing of our breach and rent.
Rebellion to the ſhades is fled,
The powers of darkneſſe to wed:
There let It e'r remain
Confin'd, whence it firſt came,
And where it once did reign.

By You confuſion's finiſhed.
You've put a ſtop to all Diſputes,
'Fore whom the ſtrifes of tongues turn mutes.
High time then to fall down,
And ſubmit to Your Crown.
Shall we hate the true way,
Becauſe we have long went aſtray?
Shall we Heavens food have in deriſion,
Becauſe we ſenſe not its proviſion?
What ſhall our diſpoſition ſtill
Be hardy, ſtiffe, unpliable?
What ſhall not true affection
Work our ſubjection?
What ſhall not providences hand, or ſtroak
Make our necks limber to his yoak?
Yes ſure (Great King) we bend, we bow,
Our ſtubborn necks turn tender now,
And ſubmit to You, alone to You,
To whom we life, and all things ow.

We You receive with greater ſigns of love,
Than once the Earth did mighty *Jove*.
View the Towers that ariſe
In Emulation with the skies,
Your Name for to eternalize;
As if they did You newly bring
From Heaven, whence You at firſt did ſpring.
As if when You've ſhone out Your day
You might return ſafe the ſame way.
They ſtrive each other to excell;
Which no Age yet can parallel.
As if (while abſent) You'd victorious been,
And now are in your triumphs ſeen.

With well tun'd voyce, and melody,
We wait Your paſſing by.
Joy is the only ditty
Throughout Your triumphall City.
In ev'ry ſtreet
Concording hearts do meet
And Loyal Subjects do You greet.
At ev'ry Arch they feed Your eye
With delights variety;
And ſtrait they do diſpenſe
Objects, that raviſh ev'ry ſenſe.

Your Souldiers ride before,
Not ſtain'd with wounds or gore.
They are arrai'd for ſight, and not to fight.
Their arms made for delight, not to affright.
Bloud diſplaies only in the paint,
Great *Mars* this day looks thin, and faint:

His

His ſinews trembling fall aſunder,
Guns, Drums have quite forgot their Thunder.
Swords do with their Scabbards wed,
And war by it ſelf is conquered.
All jars at His appearance ceaſe
Confeſſing *Charles* the King of Peace.
And that which doth the ſight amend
See what Dignities Him attend.
All rankt in order with much ſtate, and grace,
And none out of his proper place.
Obſerving diſtance, time, and leaſure,
That we might in them view Earths treaſure.
Or as if Heav'n this day to make a ſhow,
Would bring up its lights from below:
And to breed our great delight
Would by theſe of them make a ſight,
Each ſingly here
For to appear.
Some cloathed are with the golden Ore,
Others with the Silver Store.
As if both the Indies did pack
Their treaſures on their back.
As if earth by 'ts own native ray
Would have tempted to make a day.
Some enrob'd in a cloath of Gold,
Another in a Silver mould.
As if *England* inſtead of *Greece*
Had poſſeſt the golden fleece.
As if each back had a deſign,
To paraphraſe a ſilver Mine,
And to abreviate
Things of great ſtate.

Some garments duskiſh, as if reez'd,
Others with froſt-work, as 'twere freez'd.
Some arraid
With a declining ſhade;
As if an artificial ſmoak
Their brightneſs would attempt to choak.
Others again put into light
To dazzle the cleareſt ſight.
All for to amount the glory
Of *Charles* His Corronation ſtory.
As if in this illuſtrious ſight
Day was mixt even with the night,
Untill his Majeſty
Doth draw nigh.
Thus by degrees more lights appear;
Ev'ry ſtar doth ſhine more clear,
The nearer plac't unto His Sphear.
Each worthy made ſome ſhew of day
By an artificial ray.
Their Lacquies by their ſide:
Some more, ſome leſſe
Their greatneſs to expreſs.
To 'enſtate their glory large, and wide.
Ev'n as many ſtars confine
Their beams to wait upon one ſign.
All which reflect upon, and mind
The glory that doth ſtream behind.
At length *Charles* comes with Light oppreſt,
Who gives a luſtre to the reſt;
Which are quickly loſt, and done
Being but blinks to Him the Sun;
One who could ev'n form a day
Should Heaven it ſelf deny its ray.

His

His very eye
Doth clear our Skye,
And in effect do more,
Than the Sun could do before.
By virtue of his Grace,
Sorrow hath no place,
And ſmiles are ſeen in ev'ry face.
His quick preſence ſoon Paſſeth by,
That pleaſant Viſion,
Is loſt, and gone,
But ſtill perceive Majeſty.
His Majeſty which ne're doth flye:
But on earth holds Ubiquity,
Being here, and there,
And every where,
Where ever his Power is ſenſt,
There's Majeſty diſpenſt.
The Sun goes out of ſight,
But we do'nt looſe its Light:
'Tis ſeen in a plain ſtream,
By every leſſer beam.
Thus in the Palace, whence *Charles* roſe,
At length He doth Himſelf repoſe:
Shining ſtill upon us
With beams ſuperfluous.
Ev'n as the Suns light ſome foyls, and ſcars
Are viſible in the leſſer ſtars.
Chang'd glories as with His beam refreſht,
Attend Him to His reſt.
Shades poſt apace, the morn invites
Unto more amorous delights.
They that yeſterday were found
Upon their ſteeds, now walk on th' ground.

And as the ſtars do run,
All bare before the Sun.
To *Charles* a Conſtellation.
Each Worthy bears his ray, and weight
But *Charles* alone the Orb of Light,
Each holds his Coronet
But the Crown for *Charles* is ſet.
Thus to the Chappel they go on
To attend the new beaming of their Sun
By the ſacred Unction.
Where He with reverence ſtooping down
Receives the Scepter, Robe and Crown.
Ev'n as a Star untrim and rude
Fals under us to be renew'd.
He ſhone before, but as that Light
Before there was a day or night.
In an unready beam
Or wand'ring ſtream:
Not perfect made,
Or quite arrai'd:
Being (as 'twere) unprepar'd,
And not for viſion ſquar'd.
But now His raies are all combin'd
Throughout calcin'd,
And unto Him alone confin'd:
Settl'd in one center, in 's Orb fixt,
To ſhine more diſtinct and unmixt.
The fire by a new addreſſe of Oyl,
Blazes with a cleaner foyl.
Ev'n ſo *Charles* looks more clear,
When the Unction on Him doth appear.
Oh! may He Heavens favour win,
And be annointed within. Let

Let Him obtain a lasting Spirit, Of grace, and merit;
So shall His unction, and perfume
(Like that of *Rhemes*) never consume,
And by an unknown supply
Never fail or dye,
But still multiply, Ever increase,
And never cease:
So shall his Crown sit fast,
And Scepter ever last.
After all Ceremonies done,
*Charles* turns back a furnisht Sun.
In Scarlet Robes He doth return,
As if his Garments all did burn.
His head weares no dull Earth, or Clay,
But a burnisht ray;
A Crown of Gold, and Mineral Lights commixt
Shone here, and there betwixt.
As if the Earth did resign
Its choicest Jewels there to shine,
Or as if Heav'n did pick,
And chuse out its stars there to stick.
Or as if both combin'd in one
To make *Charles* equall with the Sun.
And so he doth appear
In this our Hemispheat.
He comes with Scepter in His hand
All at his Sole command.
Under a Canopy
Moving (as 'twere) insensibly:
Ev'n as the Sun, His motion's such
That seeming runs on th' Earth, but doth not touch:
And when it sets doth (as 'twere) fall on th' ground,
But never is there found. I but

I but a corner had to try,
And view His Majeſty.
And this ſuch glory doth befit
Stars are beſt ſeen through chinks, or in a pit.
Thus *Charles* he ſtates it to the Hall,
Where let each ſenſe turn Feſtival.
May ev'ry diſh prompt acute delight,
Unto his appetite.
There let him ſit and feed,
And think upon a Royal ſeed.
Great Sir! You are not one,
That's made great for Your ſelf alone.
A King ſhould ſtill be ſeen
In a Relation to a Queen.
'Tis no offence, or trouble
For great ones to lye double.
Nor for Aſtronomers, but for Kings to pry
Into the Wedlock ſenſe of *Gemini*.
Oh! may Your Sun full ſoon
Confeſſe a Moon.
And own a Queen,
Whoſe grace by Your beam may be ſeen.
That what you give to us by day of light,
May be alone to Her confin'd by night.
To Us Your Majeſty, and Grace,
To Her Your ſpecial Love, and Face.
Thus you'le be a Sun generous,
While You enlighten Her and Us.
And may She Crowned be
With Noble Birth and chaſtitie.
And may Her living fame,
Be as well known, as is Her Name,

And Her Grace,
As glorious as Her Face,
And Her ſoul within,
As beauteous, as Her Fleſh or Skin:
May She be Vertuous and True,
And only fit for You,
Fruitfull in Soul, and Body too:
And bring forth to You, and Us
An offspring numerous.
One that may in Grace and Fame
Still bear up Your Royal Name.
Majeſty turn'd grave too ſoon in You
Unleſſe an Offspring doth enſue.
The Sun when that it ſets
New Stars begets,
And fils them with its light
To ſhine by night
When it is out of ſight.
The *Phœnix* having its life reſign'd,
Leaves alwayes one behind,
And doth his neſt, and ſpices give,
That the young One may live.
That is a Spirit cold, and crude,
Which ſtamps not its ſimilitude.
Your Light is ſcant, and poore,
If it doth not engender more.
Sit faſt (Great Sir) ſtudy to ſway,
While we do learn for to obey.
Sit faſt, you're Heaven's powers attended,
And by a Champion defended.
'Tis publiſht now that *Charles* is Crown'd,
Heark, heark, how Ecchos do go round,
And Voices in the Air are drownd.

As

As if Earth to make this day a wonder
Had ſtoln from Heav'n Lighning and Thunder.
Behold the Canons rore,
Which were all mutes before.
Guns, Trumpets, Drums, into their proper ſpeech do
And in a Warlike language ſpeake (breake,
And that Heav'ns concords may be found
In the like tones they do rebound.
All theſe for to confeſſe
Our joyes, which neither doth expreſſe.
Unruly in this one affection,
That our joy knows no ſubjection:
Your proper, and peculiar due,
And yet not to be rul'd by You.
Conduits the juice of th' Grape do vent
Inſtead of th' watry Element.
Founts change their ſource, and ſhew to Him
In what Liquor *Bacchus* was wont to ſwim.
As if Heav'n to *Charles* ſuch power did reſigne,
To turn Water into Wine.
The night draws on, while the Heav'ns bemoane
His ſo long abſence from the Throne.
They clouded are, but the friendly Earth,
Preſents their wonted Jollity and Mirth,
In kindling Flames, and making them ariſe
To enlighten the neighbouring Skies.
And ſo (as 'twere) aſpires
To new-ſtar them by its fires.
To make them bright
By its new fangled light,
Or change their Theam,
By a Chimney beam.

As

As if it meant Heav'ns kindneſſe to repay;
By 'ts innate rayes, to make them day:
Or as if in exchange for one night
They'd tak'n up ſhades, and thrown down Light;
Or prodigally hurl'd
Their flames upon this nether world;
While th' earth that favour to requite
Reſign'd up all its proper right,
Made them look dark as night,

So that He that the Heav'ns doth view
Finds them turn'd ſad of a earthly hue:
While that the Earth doth now appear
A ſtarry, or enlightning Sphere,
Its fires ſhining here, and there.

None but our *Charles*, 'tis none but He
Could make this ſtrange Apoſtrophe.
Flames in the open Air do fly,
Like Lights erroneous in the Sky,
Which ſtill do multiply,
As if the world would ſee, now on another ſcore,
And be behold'n to Heav'n for light no more.
As if now *Charles* his Reign 's begun,
The Earth would need no other Sun.

Thus Heav'n and Earth together meet,
And His Scepter greet,
Caſting themſelves down at His feet:
Whilſt His Soveraign Virtue doth
Move, and govern both:
Being the only Prince, that can
Rule the whole Globe of Earth, and Man.

*Sic vos, non vobis ſceptra tenete Jovis.*
*Sic vos, non vobis teſqua parate boves.*
*Nocte fucum radij lucis gradiendo ſtriata*
*Sic teſtudo ſtruit, ſibi tecta, focoſque reponens.*
*Sic Sol non tibi lux jubara fuſa moves:*
*Sic vos non vobis ſtigmata fertis oves.*

Ye for Your ſelves don't Scepters weild;
So patient Oxen Plow the Field.
Snails move by night a Silver trace,
Carrying their houſes in the race.
Light to it ſelf is ſtill in dark.
Sheep for themſelves do bear no mark.
Then let your Scepter never faile,
You are the Sun, and I the Snail.

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